

Spirit of the Age.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS—REPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY—THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION WITHOUT ANY INFRACTIONS.

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When shall we three meet Again.

The following beautiful verses are supposed to have been written by three Indians, who graduated at Dartmouth College many years ago, at their last interview before leaving their *Alma Mater*. They resorted frequently to this spot while in College. The "youthful pine" spoken of by them, and under which they composed their song, has been spared, and has grown to large proportions, while the rest of the woods upon the hill have been cleared away. The verses appeared in the *N. Y. Tribune* nearly forty years ago, from which they were quoted by Dr. N. Randall, who, after reading and singing them to us, the other day, we were so struck with their simplicity and tenderness, that, with the Doctor's consent, we give them to the readers of the *Age* :

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall we three meet again,
Oft shall we three meet again,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls;
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in *Fancy's* wide domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thine'd by many a toil-spent day,
When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
Long may this loved lower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again.

A Gem.
Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their nights.

In palace are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task
And all good thing denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid,
Love that not ever seems to fade,
Such rich provision made.
—R. L. Trench.

Good Rules.

We have somewhere met with the following rules which are worthy of being printed in every newspaper, and engraved on the heart of every young man :

1. Make few promises.
 2. Always speak the truth.
 3. Keep good company or none.
 4. Never speak evil of any one.
 5. Live up to your engagement.
 6. Be just before you are generous.
 7. Never play at any game of chance.
 8. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
 9. Good character is above all things else.
 10. Keep your own secrets if you have any.
 11. Never borrow if you can possibly help it.
 12. Do not marry till you are able to support a wife.
 13. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
 14. When you speak to a person look him in the face.
 15. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
 16. Ever live within your means.
 17. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
 18. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.
 19. Never run into debt unless you see your way out again.
 20. Small and steady gains give competency, with a tranquil mind.
 21. Good company and good conversation are sines of virtue.
 22. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
 23. If any one speaks evil of you let your life be such than none will believe him.
 24. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.
 25. Never be idle, when your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
- Cut the above maxims out of this paper, paste the same in your best book, where you can at all times read and profit by them.

GRANGE SECRETS REVEALED.

How Initiations are Conducted.

The *Randolph (Ohio) Enterprise*, gives the following account of the grangers' initiatory ceremony :

On being brought into the ante-room of the lodge (Greengrocer Temple, No. 191.) I was told that I had been balloted for and accepted. My informant, who was securely masked, by what I afterwards learned was a large burdock leaf, perforated with holes for the eyes, told me if I valued my life it would be necessary for me to strip. As I did consider that of considerable importance to me, and as he italicized his wishes by carelessly playing with a seven-shooter, I withdrew from my garments with eagerness. My masked friend then furnished me with the regalia of the first degree—called "The Festive Plough-boy"—which consisted merely of one large cabbage leaf attached to a waist-band of potato vines. In this airy costume I was conducted to the door, where my companion gave three distinct raps. (I was securely blindfolded by bidding a slice of rutabaga over each eye.) A sepulchral voice from within asked : "Who comes?"

My guide answered : "A youthful agriculturist who desires to become a granger."

Sepulchral Voice—Have you looked him carefully over?

Guide—I have, noble gate keeper.

S. V.—Do you find any agricultural marks about his person?

Guide—I do.

S. V.—What are they?

Guide—The candidate has carrot top hair, reddish whiskers, and a turnup nose.

S. V.—'Tis well. Why do you desire to become a granger?

Guide—(answering for candidate)—That I may be thereby the better enabled to harrow up the feelings of the rascally politicians.

S. V.—You will bring in the candidate. My worthy stripping, as you cannot see, I will cause you to feel that you are received at the door on the three points of a pitchfork, piercing the region of the stomach, which is to teach you the three great virtues—faith, hope and charity. Faith in yourself, hope for cheaper farm machinery, and charity for the lightning rod peddler. You will now be harnessed, and in representation of the horse Pegasus, will be tested as to endurance and wind.

The candidate is here attached to a small imitation plow, by means of a hempen harness. A dried punk-vine is put in his mouth for a bit and bridle—he is made to get down upon all fours, the guide seizes the bridle, and urged on by a granger armed with a Canada thistle, which he vigorously applies at the terminus of the spine, the candidate is galloped three times around the room. While making the circuit the members rise and sing :

Get up and dust you bully boy—
Who wouldn't be a granger?
If the thistle's prick don't cause you joy,
To feeling you must be estranged, ah!

After this violent exercise he is rubbed dry with corn-cob, beswathed with thistle, and brought standing up before the great chief—the most worshipful pumpkin head.

M. W. P. H.—Why do you desire to be a granger?

Candidate—(answering for himself)—That I may learn to extinguish sewing machine agents.

M. W. P. H.—Have your hands been hardened with toil?

Candidate—Not extensively, but then I am not running for office.

M. W. P. H.—'Tis well, for our lodges contain several who are supposed to be ready to sacrifice themselves for the good of their constituents. Do you feel pretty smart this evening?

Candidate—"Yes, where the bustle goes on."

M. W. P. H.—(savage)—Give me a chew of tobacco!

Candidate, searching himself thoroughly, but as there is no place about him to stick a pocket, tries to explain, but the most worshipful pumpkin-head interrupts him with :

"Never mind, my dear young friend—I am well aware that in your present condition, you can no more furnish your friends with the weed than Adam could be comfortable in a plug hat and tight boots. It is merely to teach you the great lesson of economy

—doing to others as you would like to have them do to you. You will now be conducted to the most eminent squash-producer, who will teach you the grand hailing sign of distress. The sign, my worthy brother, will insure you against many of the ills of the agriculturist—amongst, others, against droughts and being bit by the ferocious grasshopper."

The candidate is now conducted to the most eminent squash producer who thus says : My worthy brother, I will now invest you with the order of the festive ploughboy, which you have well won by your heroic achievement while harnessed—may you ever wear it with pleasure to yourself and may it be a means of terror to your enemies.

(The M. E. S. P. then proceeds to invest the candidate with the regalia of the festive ploughboy, which consists of a long tomato necklace.) "The grand hailing sign of distress is made by gently closing the left eye, laying the right fore-finger along side the nose, and violently wagging the ears. It requires practice, but the advantages are intense. It also has an important signification, which you will do well to heed. The closing of the eye signifies that in all your dealings with mankind you are bound to have an eye to business. Laying the finger alongside the nose is emblematical of wisdom, and places you at once among the 'knowing ones.' This is extremely handy in prognosticating new weather, and saves the wear and tear of almanacs. Wagging the ears signifies sublimity of purpose, and is thought to be emblematical of 'childhood's happy hours.' It is also supposed by some profound scholars to have a distinct reference to apple dumplings, but this fact is somewhat obscure by the dust of ages. In token that you are one of us, you will now be branded. This ceremony is very impressive and consists of two brands. They are both applied 'while the iron is hot,' and consist of one letter of the alphabet each. The first is a large letter S on which you will please sit while the other letter is applied to the stomach. The letter S, my worthy chicken, signifies scooped, and refers to railroad monopolies. It is also supposed to indicate the seat of learning—the spot where the old-time teacher hunted for brains with the ferule. The second letter is C, and is applied, as I said before, to the stomach. It has a double meaning. First, the application is an agricultural one, 'corn crib' and has reference to the stomach as being the great receptacle for Bourbon whisky. But, brother, do not be diligent in finding a home market for your corn. The second application of the letter C, my distracted infant, is got hold of as follows : When one granger desires to ascertain 'for sure' if there is another of the order in the room, he raises himself gently by the slack of his—of his unmentionables—scratches his off thigh with his near hoof, and remarks in a voice of thunder : "Are there any grangers about?" The answer is "Jesse wax." The enquirer then says, "let us see," (letter C) and the other party must immediately pull out his stomach and disclose 'the brand.

The brands are applied in such a manner that I am enabled to assure you that they will wash.

I was here interrupted, Mr. Editor, by a volley fired into the open window, evidently intended for me. Fortunately I escaped without a scratch, and which is of more consequence, succeeded in fetching off my precious manuscript. That is about all there is in the ceremony of any importance—I must leave the country at once—armed men are at my heels—they know I am writing to expose them. You may hear from me again by mail, if I should deem it best to expose the other degrees—until then—adieu.

From you sacred friend,
B. POLE.

NOTICE.—This ceremony of initiation is used during the absence of the lady members. Their initiatory ceremonies are entirely different, being much simplified, as they should be.

—The story of that Louisiana bride turning to stone by drinking water from a boulder turns out to be a fabrication. She merely "turned" to Charles and asked if her dear mother couldn't always live with them. Charles was the one who turned to stone.

An Odd Fellow.

Odd—I should think so! why, he carries his house on his back, and has his teeth on his legs!

That's a tough story, but—dear me!—it's nothing to what you'll have to believe when you come to study the curious creatures that live in the sea.

As to carrying his house about with him, that is nothing new, all crabs and turtles do that, but I must admit he's the only fellow I ever heard of who has teeth on his legs. If you and I are not acquainted with him, it is merely because we haven't been prying into the domestic manners of the crab family all these years, as some scientific gentlemen have. They have known about him these many years, and he has even got into the dictionary. Look in Webster's big dictionary, at the word *Limulus*, and you'll see a picture of him. *Limulus*, you must know, is his grand Latin name, which he doesn't wear at home in the sea. There he is called Horse-foot Crab, or King Crab.

And there's another droll thing about him,—he's just the shape of the bottom of a horse's foot, with a long sharp tail striking out at the heel. He's a funny sight when he is digging—and digging is special delight, I can tell you. His shell is in two pieces : the front piece bends down and shovels up the dirt, the back piece bends down the other way, and the hard sharp tail braces against the ground, while all his feet—eight or ten there are—throw out the dirt on both sides. It doesn't take long for him to burrow into the mud out of sight.

But I haven't told you about those useful legs, which do the work of jaws, besides their regular business of carrying their owner about.

There are five pair of them, besides a short pair in front, called feelers, or antennae. If you want the book name. The first four pair are furnished with sharp teeth—lots of them, sometimes as many as a hundred and any.

When this comical gentleman wants to eat, he seizes a soft worm, or some other sea delicacy, with his two hind feet, and holds it up to his mouth, which is conveniently placed among all these useful legs. Then the hundred and fifty sharp little teeth go to work, and rasp the food into bits, and the mouth takes it in.

How do you suppose all this was found out? A naturalist, who was curious to see what the horse-foot did with the food that he always pulled under his shell, waited till he was hard at work at his dinner, and then very coolly turned him over on his back.

Mr. *Limulus* was too busy to mind, so he went on eating, and the naturalist saw the whole performance.

But I haven't told you half the wonderful things about him. When he is first hatched he is a quarter of an inch in diameter, has no tail, and has a shell just the right size for him, of course. When he gets bigger he outgrows the shell, as you youngsters do your clothes, and he has to get out of the old suit. It's a very droll sight to see him come out of himself in that way. He don't have so much trouble about it as lobsters and some other crabs do—he just splits open the front edge of his shell and pulls himself out. But you know he has been growing some time since that, by suit fitted him, and the fact is, he has been very much crowded these last few days. So when he gets fairly out of the shell, he swells out an inch or two bigger than he was before, and in a short time he has another shell big enough for him, besides a little sharp tail.

So he goes on as long as he lives, throwing off his old shells and getting new ones.

This interesting little fellow is well supplied with eyes, having two large ones up high on the shell, to see all about with, and two more in front.

I must tell you how *Mama Horse-foot* makes nursery. In May or June, when she has, perhaps, half a pint of eggs under her shell, and when the tide is in—that is, the water is up high on the shore—she comes up on the sand as far as she can without getting out of the water. She then digs a hole, and puts the eggs into it—and that's just all she does about it, and she never sees one of the babies.

The next wave covers these eggs up with sand, the hot sun hatches them out, and the little ones know enough

thing belonging to a crab's education, and can take care of themselves the minute they come out of the shell. But the drollest part of the business is the behavior of Mr. *Limulus*. He wants to see that the eggs are properly laid in the sand, and he doesn't want the trouble of walking, so the lazy fellow jumps upon *Mama Limulus's* shell, and lets her carry him up, and back again in the same way. That's most as lazy as our noble red men, who sit and smoke while their wives work for them.—H. M. Miller, in *St. Nicholas* for March.

Hottentot Dogs.

We find in *Our Dumb Animals* that travelers who have visited the Cape of Good Hope give wonderful accounts of the fidelity and sagacity of the Hottentot dogs. They are chiefly employed to guard their master's flocks against the lions, leopards and tigers which abound in the surrounding country. No dog, single-handed, would be a match for one of these fearful beasts; and therefore the powers of combination and organization are developed in the dogs to a remarkable degree. At night, when the flock is assembled in one place, four dogs station themselves as sentinels at equal distances along the line of danger, and watch in a sitting position, the head stretched out to catch the slightest noise. Nor does their power of organization end here. All good defense requires a patrol, and the four dogs take turns, hour by hour, in walking up and down before the camp, listening to and watching intently to give immediate warning of the enemy's approach. If a tiger or a leopard comes in sight, the sentinel utters a cry of alarm, and the other dogs instantly assemble, and throw themselves, en masse, upon the intruder, who finds their united strength too much for him. Sometimes, however, the enemy comes in force, in which case the dogs utter long, plaintive cries, to call to their assistance the guard of the neighboring flock, who respond to the signal, and expect similar aid in their hour of danger.

These remarkable dogs have no external beauty to recommend them. Their color is a dirty gray. They have square paws, pointed noses, stiff ears, and very rough hair. They are nevertheless regarded by the Hottentots as members of his family. They have their rights by the fireside, and are taken care of and fed like the children of the house.

A Horse with a Long Memory.

Many years ago, Abram Dodge, of the town of Ipswich, Mass., owned a beautiful horse, which was the pet of the family. He was admired by all who knew his playfulness and good qualifications. In the summer it was Mr. Dodge's habit occasionally to have a frolic with his horse in his barnyard, then let him out alone, and he would go to the river, which was about one third of a mile distant, where he would bathe, then go to a common and roll on the grass, then with the freedom of air start for his home. His stable was renovated for him while he was gone, and his breakfast put in his crib. If he met his master he would show some comical pranks, bound for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door with his teeth, and rush to the manger, where he expected to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from the stable. After the expiration of sixteen years Mr. Dodge was at the tavern when a man drove a horse up to the door. Mr. Dodge at once recognized his horse, and he told the driver his reason for believing it to be his; the man told of whom he bought the horse, and said that he had owned him for several years. Mr. Dodge claimed his horse, and it was finally agreed that if the horse would, on being taken to his old stable, go through the habit of bathing, rolling on the grass and pulling the pin from the stable as above described, that Mr. Dodge might have him. When the horse was let out into his old yard he reviewed the premises for a moment, then started for his old bath-tub then for his green towel on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, won for himself a good meal, and his old master his favorite horse. The facts are vouchsafed for by reliable old residents of the beautiful, picturesque old town, and show conclusively the long memory of our noblest animal. *Local (Mass.) Courier.*

A negro was buried alive in a well at Butler, recently. His friends dug down to him in about four hours, and found him alive and well. He said he never wanted to sneeze so bad in his life, but was afraid he should jar down more dirt.